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EASTER LILIES.

Lilies white, with hearts of gold,
What's the language that you hold
On this Easter morn?
Springing from the darksome mold,
Rarest beauty you unfold,—
  Are you heaven born?
Tell us why you bud and blow
And at Easter come and go
  With your fragrance sweet.
Did some angel, bending low,
Make your faces, like the snow,
  Easter morn to greet?
This your mission; hearts to cheer,
Driving from us gloom and fear,
  And a type art thou
Of the Christ, our Righteousness,
Who from heaven came to bless,
  And is risen now.

—Mrs. J. E. Eaton.

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W. W. FERRIER.....Editor
2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

The Laymen's Missionary Movement meetings in San Francisco opened Thursday evening of last week with the banquet at the Palace which was attended by nearly 800 men. At least 300 more would have been in attendance but the accomodations were not sufficient to allow the sale of more tickets.

One of the most striking features in the early part of the evening was the reading by Secretary McCoy of a proposed telegram to Roosevelt in Egypt. The telegram was as follows:

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt Assouan, Egypt: Eight hundred men at banquet, Laymen's Missionary Movement, send greetings congratulating you on your missionary address at Khartoum. We count largely upon your co-operation in enlisting the church for the evangelization of Africa and the world."

The reading of this telegram was followed by intense and prolonged cheering for Roosevelt, and the sending of the same was enthusiastically voted.

Judge Morrow of the United States Circut Court, who presided, remarked that it was a happy circumstance that San Francisco in gathering up the chords severed by the earthquake and fire had as one of its first conventions such a gathering as that of the Laymen's Missionary Movement. And as he contemplated the great good Missions had done, the judge said that he could understand why the first speech that Roosevelt made after getting back to civilization was a tribute to missions and missionaries in Africa.

Presdent Jordan of Stanford in some brief remarks said that it is all nonsense to say that religion is losing its grip on the world. It is not losing hold; it is letting go of some things in order to hold others more strongly. He thought it a good sign of the times that there were earth pilots as well as sky pilots; that much was being made of this life in order that much might be made or gotten out of the other.

The principal address at the banquet was by Mr. G. Campbell White, the secretary of the Movement. It was shown that the chief duty of the Church is not to hold the fort, but to be an army for conquest. And the only plan worthy such an army as that of the Christian church is one that includes the whole world. It was stated that the churches of North America have six hundred million people in heathen lands dependent on them for the gospel message. In this work they are spending annually less than twelve million dollars, while in the United States and Canada three hundred million dollars are spent among an hundred million people. To adequately serve these six millions it was shown that the forces and funds should be about four times what they now are.

The sessions on Friday and Saturday, which were held in the First Congregational Church, were attended by several hundred men from early in the morning till late at night, and the remarks were frequent as those in attendance mingled together that a great uplift to Missions was bound to come from the convention. Men were given inspiration themselves and resolved to go home and endeavor to impart inspiration to others.

Missionaries from various fields, home now on furlough, gave a survey of the world-wide field, among them McNaughton of Turkey Stead of Persia, Hanson of Burmah, Dearing of Japan, Hall of Korea, and Reid of China.

The Rev. J. P. McNaughton of the American Board Mission in Turkey spoke of Turkey as the key of the great Moslem problem. There are 250,000,000 Moslems in the world, and Mohammedanism is the great antagonist of Christianity.

Mr. McNaughton was in Turkey when constitutional government was proclaimed, and he pictured in a graphic manner the grandeur of a nation rising from great hopelessness into a new national consciousness in a day. Cities were stirred to their very depths, and the great themes of freedom, unity and brotherhood thrilled the hearts of the people.

Among the finest addresses of the convention was that by the Rev. Frank Dyer of Chicago on "The Church's need of a World-Wide Field.'

Such a field is needed, it was shown, if the church is to win as it should at home. It is needed also to strengthen faith, for the fullest interpretation of Christianity itself which will be fully revealed only when incarnated in the life of every nation. It is needed as a call to a growing sacrifice, and for the exercise of Christ's full power.

The Rev. H. C. Mason, pastor of the University Congregational Church of Seattle, gave a stirring address on "The Missionary Enterprise Central in the Life of the Church."

The Missionary enterprise was presented as the real reason for the existence of the Church. Christianity must be missionary if it is Christianty at all. Nothng else satisfies the human heart, and it is incumbent on those who have that which satisfies to convey it to others. The fact that the churches doing the most abroad are most blest at home points right back to the fact that Christianity is essentially missionary. Come and go are the two great words in the gospel, and the way to joy now and ever is along the line of service and sacrifice During the progress of the convention Judge Morrow of the United Circuit Court of Appeals spoke on "Missions and World Peace," declaring that missions lie at the very basis of final peace among nations. Roosevelt's reference at Khartoum to missions as of "great practical value," he regarded as "exceedingly significant." And the concluding thought was that if there are given to the nations of the world our Christian civilization, our judiciary, and our methods of ascertaining truth, there will be no question about peace.

Denominational gatherings were held on Saturday afternoon for the consideration of the resolutions recommending that $125,000 be raised in this district for foreign missions this year.

Congregationalists to the number of 73 met for lunch at the Hotel Manx, and voted to indorse the recommendation and to endeavor as their share of the advance to bring their contributions up to $1.65 per member. This will require about $16,500.

The Presbyterians voted to endeavor to raise $35,000; the Methodists North $35,000; the Methodists South $4,000; the Baptists $12,500; the Episcopalians $8:500, and the "Christians" their proportion of the advance. Other denominations voted to do their best, the United Presbyterians stating that they already had as their aim $5 per capita this year. Elsewhere in The Pacific is an article showing amounts given last year.

It should be noted that to secure what has been apportioned to the American Board from the Congregational churches of Northern California for the current year will require the raising of about $14,500. Two thousand additional will enable Congregationalists to meet their share of the amount recommended at this Laymen's Missionary movement meeting. The amount designated by the Northern California Conference was $12,500.

The interest that will be aroused by this Laymen's Movement meeting through the carrying out of the resolutions adopted there for systematic effort it is thought will result easily in getting the $4,000 additional.

We have found it possible to give only a partial report of the great convention. There were many fine addresses to which we have made no reference, among them one by Bishop Bell of the United Brethren Church on "The Missionary Character of Christianity." Campbell White's address on Sunday afternoon on "Every Christian's World-Field," was a strong appeal for consecration.

At a union meeting of ministers Monday morning in the First Congregational Church, Secretary McCoy of the Y. M. C. A. made reference to the great meetings conducted by D. L. Moody, and those by Mills, and expressed the opinion that those had gripped and helped the men of the city not so much as these meetings just held.

In that connection Mr. McCoy took occasion to say that he had found through the years a large body of loyal Christian laymen in San Francisco, and spoke of the loyalty of the churches to Y. M. C. A. work, there having been contributed about two million dollars to that work. And he challenged any city to present a more earnest, able, self-denying band of ministers than was found in San Francisco today.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS AND HOME EXPENSES IN FOURTEEN CALIFORNIA COUNTIES.

At the Laymen's Missionary Convention in San Francisco last week a chart was displayed on which were statistics of which Congregationalists need not be ashamed.

The figures set forth the amounts that the churches in fourteen counties in Northern California spend for themselves and for missions. The counties named were: San Francisco, Marin, Napa, Mendocino, Alameda, Contra Costa, Solano, San Mateo, Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, Monterey and San Benito.

In those counties 75 Baptist churches with a membership of 8,817 contributed for foreign missions $5,900; the per capita contribution was 67 cents.

Fifty-two "Christian" churches with 5,800 members contributed $5,400, or 95 cents per capita.

Seventy-one Congregational churches, with a membership of 9,717, contributed $11,128, or $1.14 per capita.

Eighty-four Episcopalian churches having 11,854 members, contributed $4,324.03, a per capita of .3647.

One hundred and ten Presbyterian churches with 14,052 members, contributed $13,324, a per capita of 95 cents.

The 251 churches of the Methodist Church, North, with 19,022 members, contributed $17,203, a per capita of 90 cents.

The contributions of the 24 Methodist, South, churches with a membership of 3144 were $871.39, a per capita of 28 cents.

Eleven United Presbyterian churches with 1102 members contributed $876, a per capita of 72 cents.

The seven English and German Lutheran churches with 507 members contributed $92.85, a per capita of 19 cents.

In only one denomination was the per capita higher than among Congregationalists. That was the Evangelical Association. Six churches with 341 members contributing $553, a per capita of $1.31.

The total amount given in the fourteen counties for foreign missions for the year was only $60,000. The membership o fthe churches totaled 75,926. This gives a per capita of only 79 cents.

In the fourteen counties the contributions for home missions amounted to $159,183.85. And for the salaries of pastors and general expenses there was for the year for which the statistics were gathered an expenditure of $1,090,867.79. The per capita of the contributions thus made was $16.46.

The Congregational expenditures for salaries and general expenses were $150,151, a per capita of $18.75.

The Presbyterian were $268,303, a per capita of $19.91.

The Episcopalian $154,613, a per capita of $19.50.

The Methodist North $221,965, a per capita of $13.24.

The Baptist were $95,713, a per capita of $10.84.

The "Christian" amounted to $104,000, a per capita of $18.75.

The Methodist South Church thus expended $47,751 the per capita being $15.18.

GLEANINGS FROM THE "LAYMEN'S" CONVENTIO.

W. N. Burr.

On the forenoon of the opening day the regular monthly meeting of the Congregational Ministerial Union of Los Angeles and vicinity was held at the First Church. We had been promised an address by W. H. Lewis, of Seattle, President of the Congregational Brotherhood; but Mr. Lewis was unable to come to Los Angeles and Bishop J. E. Robinson, of India, addressed the "Union" in his stead.

Bishop Robinson, who, by the way, is a Methodist bishop, had many encouraging words to say concerning the work in India; and as he closed he paid a high tribute to our Marathi mission. "The Marathi mission of the American Board," said he, "stands out among all the missions in India as successful in its undertaking. There is no city in India so nearly Christian as Ahmednagar, made so through the magnificent work of your missionaries there." Just make a note of that testimony of a Methodist bishop to the efficiency of a Congregational missioin in India, and hand it to the man who "does not believe in wasting American money on mission work in foreign lands because it amounts to nothing more than a lot of denominations scrambling to make more Methodists, Congregationalists, Baptists, etc." Bishop

Robinson's talk that morning frequently reminded some of us of a certain Confession of Faith formulated by the United Church of South India, though he made no reference to it. Ask the critic of mission work in India if he ever heard of the practical church union movement in Southern India that came along about two years ago!

Another matter which may perhaps seem to be of not much importance, but which is talked about somewhat in these days, came incidentally into Bishop Robinson's talk that morning. "This banquet business prejudiced me at first," said he. "I coveted all that money for the work on the fields, where it is so much needed. But I have been thoroughly converted to the banquet idea. I find there is a philosophy in it that I have never understood. Carlyle says somewhere in his 'French Revolution,' 'The dinner affords such an opportunity for fellowship and loosening up as does nothing else in the world.' We smetimes think that old dyspeptic was inclined to indulge in exaggerated statements, but I guess he hit the mark that time."

At the convention meetings many strong addresses were made, hot from the hearts of men who have caught the passion of Christ's propaganda. Every address was well worth preserving in permanent form. Without mention of names, I gather together a sheaf of "Convention sayings":

"I want no other miracle than what I have seen in the Christianizing of some of India's lowest people. Their uplift is a miracle."

"I went to Burmah nineteen years ago. I found the people among whom I was to labor without a literature, without even an alphabet. I had to reduce their dialect to an alphabet. After four years' hard work the task was accomplished. Now we have six hundred native converts reading and writing and preaching the gospel."

"A Korean Christian who was being greatly persecuted for righteousness' sake, remarked, 'Every time they do such a thing they advertise my Lord.' "

"In Korea we keep the native converts out of the church until they prove by preaching Christ to the heathen that they are worthy of church membership."

"Texas cattle are often dehorned to keep them from killing each other when driven in the herd. Our work in China cannot be fully measured by its results in Christian converts. We also succeed in **deheathenizing** many who do not become active Christians."

"We are but beginning to realize the commercial value of missions. The business men of this coast can well afford to support foreign missions. As nations begin to catch the larger view of life they want things that make business. But the work of Christian missions must make its **supreme** appeal to us in the fact that it has its root in the Infinite heart of our God. God so loved the world that He gave the best He had. When we get into sympathy with our Heavenly Father then shall we have the highest possible motive; then shall something worth while be accomplished."

"O pastors! be missionary pastors—men who believe that the Master meant it when He gave the Great Commission. Give your people the privilege of a larger life by opening it to them through the information you help them to gain of the world-conquest for Christ."

"The work of a Missionary Committee in the local church is merely a matter of consecration and method. We had a big mortgage on our church drawing four and one-half per cent interest. Some of our people thought that mortgage should be paid off before we undertook to raise much money for missions; but the church was led to feel that the heathen were more important than the mortgage; so we raised $500 for missions, and kept our mortgage. But will not such action very soon impoverish a church? Never! Do the **heart** duty, and the surface duties will be easily met. I would rather be in partnership with Jesus Christ than with any millionaire on the face of the globe."

"When Mr. Taft gave his great address in Carnegie Hall he said that he was once one of the men who do not believe in foreign missions; 'but,' he aded, 'I have since been on the field, and seen for myself the work that is being done, and now I know some things that I did not know before, and today I am as enthusiastic a believer in foreign missions as anybody.' Christian education begins with the fundamental principle for which the church stands. The business of the church is Kingdom extension. One may be a Christian but he cannot be a full-grown Christian if he is not interested in Christian missionary work. The great work of the pastorate lies out along this line. A somewhat flippant young church-member once said to her pastor: 'I wish every missionary who goes out to the islands might be eaten by cannibals.' That pastor went on patiently, lovingly trying to teach that young disciple the dignity of missionary service, and eventually he won her to an enthusiastic support of Kingdom extension work."

"Josiah Strong told us years ago that the great need in the church was the consecration of the money power. We seem to be now in the midst of that reform. We are pushing the systematic, week-by-week offering to missions. Heretofore this part of our work has been left to the annual spasm!"

"The church of Jesus Christ is wasting too much time on its toilet. It should lay aside its cosmetics, and send forth in abundance the needed help into the uttermost regions until the last standard of idolatry is captured, and the last citadel of Satan surrenders."

"The effort of world evangelization is a world effort of self-preservation."

"If the 1600 men who were present at the banquet last night would get busy for missions as I have seen many of them busy boosting Southern California, J. Campbell White would soon be out of his present job."

"We have been looking upon church membership too much as a life insurance matter—or fire insurance!—and have tried to make the premiums as small as possible. We have been running the enterprise of Christian missions on the basis of the widow's mite. Now, men! we are not in the mite business. Any of you who are widows may be satisfied with that! but I have never yet found in my Bible anything about the widower's mite. Larger things are expected of **men!**"

Nearly all the above sayings dropped from the lips of laymen. And so the men of the pews are taking up the messages of the kingdom, and after their own virile fashion pressing the claims of Christian evangelization. And the hearts of the long-time toilers beat high with new hope and courage, and faith in the power of our Lord to win the world to Himself. "He speaks as a being related to the whole human race; a narrower sphere than the world never enters his thoughts," says Channing. One cannot be a follower of such an One as He, and not believe enthusiastically in Christian missions.

La Canada, Cal., March 16, 1910.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

The statement was made at one of the meetings of the Laymen's Missionary Movement last week by Mr. Frank Dyer, that word had come from Seattle that 2500 men would greet the Eastern leaders at the opening banquet in Seattle. "They are going at a great pace up there in the affairs of the kingdom of God," added Mr. Dyer.

The editor of The Pacific is in receipt of a letter from the clerk of Mayflower Church, Pacific Grove, expressing appreciation for words of encouragement both by letter and in the columns of The Pacific. In that letter were these words: "Of course Mayflower people are feeling very keenly the great loss which has come to them through this most destructive fire. But they are not discouraged, and will go about the rebuilding of the church at once.'

The Rev. and Mrs. C. L. Mears of Reno, Nevada, spent a little time in Alameda last week, getting acquainted with the people. The church at Reno will relinquish them reluctantly, and the more the people of Alameda see of them the better they like them. They will be given royal welcome when they come to the work there the first of August. The State of Washington gave this pastor to Nevada, and in a few months Nevada will surrender him to California. All such gifts are appreciated.

The Rev. H. C. Mason of Seattle, who was one of the speakers at the meetings of the Laymen's Missionary Movement at Los Angeles, Fresno and San Francisco, was greatly pleased with California. The Santa Clara Valley he regarded as "the garden spot" of the State. Mr. Mason wished to stay a few days longer in California so as to see more of the beauties of the State, but unexpected pastoral duties called him home. He is pastor of the University Congregational Church of Seattle, one of the most influential in the Northwest, situated as it is near the State University and having as pastor such a man as Mr. Mason. California is grateful to Washington for a loan of Mr. Mason if for only a short time. We shall look for him to come again and stay longer.

Mr. G. W. Dickie, widely known in Congregational circles, for many years a member of our church at San Mateo, and manager of the Union Iron Works, is now living in San Francisco. His home being near Howard Presbyterian Church he was induced to undertake there the teaching of a Bible class. The class is made up of men in the various professions and trades, and Mr. Dickie finds it necessary to spend considerable time in preparation. Usually he gives to it fourteen hours a week. Mr. Dickie, though not the busy man that he was when manager of the Union Iron Works, nevertheless is well occupied, having an office in San Francisco, in which he spends considerable time on plans for future work. For banquet attendance he perhaps took the palm the last month, having been at fifteen, at nearly all of which he spoke on the ship subsidy question. We asked Mr. Dickie at the Laymen's Missionary meeting banquet at the Palace Hotel last Thursday evening what the prospects were for ship subsidy. His reply was that it would require a long educative process to bring it about.

TO REENTER Y. M. C. A. WORK.

Mr. Noel Jacks has arranged to reenter Y. M. C. A. work. He laid such work aside about a year and a half ago and became the head of one of the departments of the Prudential Life Insurance Company in San Francisco. In a few months he will become assistant to Secretary McCoy in the Young Men's Christian Association of San Francisco. This work is to be taken up as soon as the new building is ready for use the latter part of this year. Mr. Jacks began Y. M. C. A. work more than twenty years ago under Mr. McCoy, and the remainder of his life is likely to be spent in such work in the city in which he took it up. After acting as assistant in the San Francisco Association he took the postion of secretary at Portland; later he served in a similar capacity in Oakland, going thence to Hartford, Connecticut. The work at Hartford was given up because a different climate was needed for his family.

With the fine new building, soon to be occupied, and with so experienced and capable an assistant, Secretary McCoy feels that he faces among the young men of San Francisco some of the grandest opportunities of his life.

The new building, which will cost more than five hundred thousand dollars, will be devoted entirely to the work of the Association. The old site on the corner of Mason and Ellis has not been sold yet. When that shall have been sold and the money added to the funds already in hand it is thought that there will be sufficient for two branch buildings in parts of the city remote from the central building. Thus equipped the San Francisco Association will be in condition to serve admirably the interests of the young men.

In this connection we note the fact that more than a million dollars is now going into Y. M. C. A. equipment in the cities about the bay. The new San Francisco building will cost with its furnishings about $750,000.

In Oakland a building is being erected at a cost of $250,000; and one in Berkeley at a cost of $125.000

It will be found to be money well expended.

UNJUST CRITICISM.

The following item with the caption, "The Call of the Mining Shares," appeared recently in the Oakland Tribune, contributed by the San Francisco correspondent who writes under the nom de plume, "The Knave":

"We often hear that a man has been called to a pulpit, and the call is supposed to have somewhat of a divine origin, even if the cynics do insist that the supernatural voice always calls in the direction of the larger salary. But can a preacher have a call to leave the pulpit and sell mining stocks?

"Yet that is what we are told over here happened to your own Reverend Dr. Baker of the Presbyterian faith, I believe. As we get the tale of the call from the pulpit Dr. Baker resigned his pastorate to sell stock in the Mascot mine, a big copper property in Arizona now being industriously floated in San Francisco. And we are told, further, that Dr. Baker has been a wondrous success as a seller of stock. His success has made the other promoters stick out their eyes with envy.

"According to the mining men, Dr. Baker has interested such wealthy capitalists as Homer S. King, Ralston.

Phillips and others once his parishioners, and that he has sold over $200,000 worth of stock. As his commission is 25 per cent that means that Dr. Baker has made over $50,000 in real money since he left the pulpit. He would have to preach a long time to make that much, so no wonder the call of the stock-shares lured him from the pulpit."

This is a good illustration of the unjust criticism that is made almost without exception of men who leave the ministry for some other work.

The mining shares did not lure Dr. Baker from the pulpit. He stepped from the pulpit to University extension work, and to that only after repeated effort for more than a year to secure another pastorate after it had become evident to him that the time had come to turn the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland over to some one else.

After he had been engaged in the University extension work for some time, the more lucrative position opened up to him; and having, like the large majority of men, a living to make for himself and family he accepted it.

It is safe to say that Dr. Baker would be in the active work of the ministry today if persistent effort to secure a suitable pastorate always met with success. A man cannot be expected to take up with anything offered in that line. Adaptability to the field opening up must be taken into consideration, as must also many other things which the necessities of existence press to the front.

But as already said, no matter what the circumstances, no man can step from the ministry to any other work and escape criticism. And in the new work a higher standard of conduct will be expected of him than of others in the same business.

SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS AND THEIR CRITICS.

J. O. Corliss.

Three articles written by Mr. G. I. Tufts, and printed in **The Pacific,** have been brought to my notice, with the request that I reply to those things contained in them, which appear to be unwarranted misrepresentations. In communities where Seventh-Day Adventists are best known they need no defense, so far as their "public acts" are concerned. Regarding their public teachings, they are not ashamed of these, since when they have been compared with the teachings of their opponents, they have suffered no loss.

But when wholesale statements are made, without any foundation in fact, it is sometimes well to correct these by the same channel through which the misstatements have been made. The writer realizes to some extent how hard it is to refute bald sentence statements, in the same limits of space in which they were made, and so cannot hope, in the brief lentgh allotted to him, to do justice to all the aspersions cast upon the Adventists by their enemies, especially by those who have once been connected with Adventists, and have fallen away from them through disappointed ambition.

The writer has been personally acquainted with the author of the statements quoted in Mr. Tuft's articles for more than forty years, and moreover has been officially associated with him. He knows that when Mr. Canright was on good terms with the Adventists ,and these stock statements repeated by him in his book, were made against the denomination, he repudiated them with vigor, and showed them to be falsehoods. His statements concerning them are on record and can be produced on short notice.

Now regarding some of these affirmations. Mr. Tufts repeats what everybody, who knows the Seventh-Day Adventist doctrine, knows to be absolutely false. Did he know the history of that people, he would also know that they were in no way responsible for the Millerites movement of 1844, since this people have arisen at a later period. Mr. Tufts says that we have set many dates since then for the Lord to come. For lack of space to say more in that point, I may be permitted to say that no such statement can be substantiated. On the other hand, Seventh-Day Adventists have ever repudiated, both in public and in private, anything tending toward time-setting, as proclaimed by Sunday Adventists.

It is just as untrue that this people have ever stated that probation for sinners ceased in 1844. Their very course, both past and present, would refute this statement. No denomination of the same membership can show so many missionary out-stations among rank heathen as can this people. They spend more than half a million dollars annually in foreign mission work, and are now raising $300,000 for the erection of homes for their foreign missionaries.

Mrs. White seems to be the center of attack by all who hate the Adventists and their work. She does not meddle with them, but attends strictly to the work God has given her to do, just as other professed Christians ought to do. To those who know Mrs. White and her financial circumstances, it seems like the basest of slanders to say that she has risen from extreme poverty to wealth through making merchandise of the poor people with whom she has labored. It is safe to say that no one in the Adventist ranks has lived more simply and labored more unselfishly for righteousness than she has. She is honored by Seventh-Day Adventists for this very reason.

Coming to the article headed, "Adventists the Foes of the Church and State," we shall have space for the notice of but few points. Mr. Tufts quotes Mr. Canright again, whom he says is an honored Baptist minister. Let his last statement go for what it is worth; but here is the quotation: "Not a soul of them, man or woman, in field or hospital, lifted a finger to aid in putting down the rebellion or slavery." A strong statement indeed, but quickly refuted. The writer was then a firm believer in the doctrines of the Seventh-Day Adventists, yet he served in the war of the rebellion for two years, and was honorably discharged, having been desperately wounded while on the Red River campaign of 1864. The names of others could be cited if necessary, who also served their country in that time of need.

Mr. Tufts says that the Adventists, like the race-track gamblers, have published a book of scandal against churches and ministers. That is a new one. Why does he not quote some statements from said book, that Adventists themselves may know of its existence? He condemns the Adventists for not being temperance people. Having read our literature, he ought to be aware of the fact that we have a temperance department in all our monthly journals, even in the one he dislikes so much for its advocacy of religious

liberty. Many of our ladies are members of the W. C. T. U., and some of them act prominent parts in the organization as lecturers, etc.

But he contends that they are allied with saloon keepers because they do not advocate shutting the saloons one day in the week, namely, Sunday. But why Sunday, pray, any more than on other days? Whiskey is as harmful taken on Monday as on Sunday. But he says that by shutting the saloons on Sunday they will secure prohibition one-seventh of the time. But if prohibition is a worthy cause why not prohibit seven days each week. Start in on this line and every Seventh-Day Adventist in the land will work and vote for it.

But the cry is, Let us close the saloons one day in seven. We reply: This will not diminish the traffic. In that case, men would buy their supply of liquor Saturday night, and simply transfer their drunken carousals on Sunday from the saloon to the bosom of their families, where the wife and children must endure the grief and torture of bacchanalian revels. We can see no reason in the world for singling out Sunday for a day of prohibition but on the ground of its religious character. It is but the initiative step toward further Sunday legislation. No; give us an opportunity,, Mr. Tufts, to work for genuine prohibition, and this people will outdo the members of other churches by far, according to their numbers, because none of our members own buildings rented at high rates for saloon purposes.

As to what Mr. Corliss and Mr. Healey said about Sunday closing before the legislative committee in Sacramento, we need not here enter any defense. All that either or both of them said, and some of what Mr. Tufts said, as well, on that occasion was stenographically reported, and is contained in a pamphlet for sale at the office of the Pacific Religious Liberty Association, Mountain View, Cal., and may be had for ten cents. In that the truth of what was said will be plainly revealed.

Mr. Tufts has said in the writer's hearing that an Adventist minister in Sacramento was seen riding on his wheel from saloon to saloon to gather signatures against the Sunday bill of 1907. Mr. Morrison was stationed there at the time, and I wrote to him about this. Here is his reply:

"Santa Rosa, Cal., February 13, 1910.

Mr. J. O. Corliss, Mountain View, Cal.

"Dear Brother,—I have heard that it has been publicly stated that preceding the session of the Legislature of 1907 the Adventist minister of Sacramento had gone into saloons in that city to secure names to a petition to the Legslature against the enactment of a Sunday law. As I was pastor of the Adventist churuch at Sacramento during that time, I write this to say that I did not go into one saloon with such a petition; and I publicly advised the members of the Adventist churuch not to enter saloons when soliciting names to a petition against the enactment of a Sunday law: but to permit every legal voter to sign the petition, without inquiring about his business or religion.

"Your brother,

(Signed "ISAAC MORRISON."

Mr. Tufts also tells that Mr. Taylor said in Calistoga that if he were a saloon keeper and Sunday closing obtained "he would fill the people full of liquor Saturday night so they could not go to church on Sunday." Mr. Tufts did not hear this statement at first hand, but simply repeats what a biased person reported. Mr. Taylor denies the statement in a letter to me. So it simply becomes a question of veracity between the two men. But really, what if Mr. Taylor should have said such a thing? Ten to one Mr. Tufts would do the same thing were he to descend to the level of a saloon keeper. That is simply the nature of men who engage in the liquor traffic.

That part of Mr. Tufts' complaint against Adventists that seems a little ludicrous is that wherein he gives them credit for holding in check the Sunday law, while being in numbers but one-half of one per cent of the people. Strange that the other part, the ninety-nine and one-half per cent whom he says want the Sunday law, do not get right up and have things their way. There must be some good reasoning on the side of the minority to prevent such a heavy demand for Sunday legislation as he says exists.

Regrding the distinctive Bible doctrines which the Adventists cherish, space will not permit the discussion of them here. The best way to settle the right or wrong of these, would be for Mr. Tufts, or some one who can represent him, to meet the writer in some large hall (time and place to be named by Mr. Tufts) for a series of well advertised meetings, and there in a friendly way, jointly investigate the merits of that question. It then could be ascertained to a certainty whether the Sabbath commandment is moral or not; how the first day took the place of the seventh as a rest day; the number of times Christ met with His disciples on Sunday after His resurrection; what He was doing on those days about secular work; and whether or not Mr. Tufts has quoted correctly from the Early Fathers, regarding the "eighth day," the "day of the sun," etc. Such an occasion might be very interesting as to facts on these subjects. If desired, these investigations could be reported and printed for general circulation. But if this is not desired, and there are those who would really like to learn just what Adventists do believe, let them call at 601 Telegraph Ave., Oakland, where a full supply of information in these lines is always on hand.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

Ministerial Fellowship.

How rich it is! When a schoolboy at Oberlin I used to notice my venerable Hebrew teacher, Doctor John Morgan, pacing up and down the walk with Professor Fairchild, who afterward became President, rounding out the phenomenal experience of sixty-five years' connection with the beloved school. I broke out, boy-like, "Don't you professors see enough of each other in college, church and prayer meeting without pacing up and down the walks like two schoolboys arm in arm?" Then came the answer of love and wisdom, "Edwin, in schools like this, where salaries are small, the companionship is more than half of the pay." Could friends have seen Doctor Fuller of Aintab College, Pastor Merrill of the Saratoga church, and Sidney Williams of Three Oaks chumming two happy days with Rev. Geo. A. Hood, their long time comrade in Minneapolis, they would realize the sweetness of ministerial bonds. This loving and widely experienced pastor and Missionary Superintendent broke down physically on the high altitudes of Colorado

and it has taken three months of the Sunny South and Bros. Maile's and Loba's care to put him on his feet again. I put this hasty line into our Pacific that some church or society who knows him, or trust our Minnesota knowledge of him, may put some coast hook on him to keep him here. He's a wise, willing, winsome worker, with a special gift to pick up and enliven discouraged churches. Bros. Rathbone or Folsom will answer any letters about him and we'd far rather Brother Scudder should nail him in Washington than let him go back East. For our Pacific coast congress lets us see each other every three years. "As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news (brought by a warm hearted brother) from a far country."

Rain! Rain!! Rain!!!

It is amazing how we love rain when we have ploughing to be done and want the hard earth softened for the colts' shoulders and the plough. And when it is not Blossom day, or our appointed day for a drive in the hills. It is harder to be philosophical and peaceful when we have a great pic-nic on hand. Saratoga watches the weather this week, hoping the rain which gave us the richest, reddest, plumpest Christmas berries we ever enjoyed will be followed by sunshine and warmth to make our roads and orchards usable and enjoyable. The enclosed bit of verse from a bright young Southerner catches our eye and we try to feel it as we read it.

An adapted rendering of Robert Loverman's Georgian verses about rain:

"It isn't raining rain for me,
The Blossom pageant thrills,
In every dimpling drop I see
Wildflowers on the hils.
A cloud of gray engulfs the bay,
And overwhelms the town,
It isn't raining rain for me,
It's raining blossoms down.

It isn't raining rain for me,
But fields of blossom bloom,
Where every bucaneering bee
Can find a bed and room.
A health to him who's happy,
Pity for him who frets,
It isn't raining rain for me,
Blossoms and violets."

"It's raining daffodils," "It's raining roses down," and "It's raining violets," are the changed lines for our friends who study rain.

Blossom Festival—Lunch Co-operation.

We hear so much about co-operation these days that we are glad it extends to lunch. **Chicken dinner** sounds well and the Saratoga ladies excel in them. But wise housekeepers know how difficult it is to arrange for a company which varies from two hundred to ten thousand. Such have been the boundaries of our lists of guests. The phone comes this morning that the ladies of the Catholic church will co-operate with the other churches and serve lunches if the weather be pleasant. It is so safe and satisfactory to have a lunch basket when one is in the country and has the country appetite. Aloha hopes to shake hands with hundreds of friends at the Saratoga school house between 10:30 a. m. and 12 m. Saturday, March 26th. All the village pastors are to be there.

Mr. A. A. Denison, our long time Festival friend when city editor of the Oakland Enquirer, is now secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of Oakland. He is coming to the Festival and will cheerfully guide friends and answer any letters or phones of inquiry about trains. May God bless our eleventh Festival. Doing all we can for it ourselves we have a right to pray for it. Prayer is life.

STATISTICS OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

The statistics of the Congregational churches in the Northern California Conference for the year 1909 have been tabulated and show that on January 1, 1910, there were 134 churches, three having been added to the roll and three dropped in 1909. The membership of these 134 churches is 14,363, 1580 having been added and 1487 having been removed, a net gain of 93. The net gain for the previous year was 1021. The admissions were 828 less and the removals 100 more than in the previous year. The additions on confession were 822, being 427 less than in 1908; by letter 758, being 409 less than in 1908. There were 269 more dropped from the roll than in 1908.

Baptisms of adults and children were respectively 283 and 519—nearly the same as in the previous year.

Of 15 vacant churches, 14 have an aggregate membership of about 100, and the fifteenth is a Chinese church with a teacher.

The church having the largest net gain during the year is the German Church of the Cross in Fresno, 144 being its net gain. This church, with 663 members, only 12 of whom are absent, ranks second in size. Oakland First, with 1713 members, leading, as usual, and San Francisco First ranking third with 633 members; Santa Cruz has 596, Berkeley First 574, San Jose 437, Sacramento 313, Berkeley, North 311.

Churches having over 200 members are Alameda 280, Eureka 201, Zion (German) Church, Fresno, 235, Lodi 250, Oakland Fourth 222, Pilgrim 244, Plymouth 202, Petaluma 215, San Francisco Plymouth 211, Mission 230, Santa Rosa First 207. These 19 churches in eleven cities contain more than 53 per cent of our total membership.

Alameda county in its 21 churches has 4610 members, or nearly 33 per cent of the membership of the Conference. Greater Oakland has 11 churches with 3017 members. Berkeley, four churches with 1067 members, and Alameda city one church with 280 members. San Francisco's 14 churches have 1794 members. Our churches in the metropoils are generally in better conditon than in any year since the great fire.

In Sunday school membership the churches of the Conference report a decrease in total membership of 529 from 1908.

The benevolences of the churches—118 churches reporting—have been $74,182, an increase over 1908 of $25,-935. The benevolences in 1909 reported by the churches were distributed as follows: Foreign Missions (79 churches), $12,373; Education (25 churches), $4947;

Church Building (87 churches), $5069; Home Missions (107 churches), $12,942; American Missionary Association (52 churches), $4161; Sunday School Society (72 churches), $1532; Ministerial Aid (35 churches), $662. Total Congregational benevolences $41,686;an increase over 1908 of $3,703.

Large gifts for Y. M. C. A. buildings in several Bay cities account in part for the large total of $32,496 for "Other Benevolences." Compared with 1908 the gain for Foreign Missions in 1909 was $238; for Education $438; for Church Building $722; for Home Missions $1800; for Am. Missionary Association $445; Sunday School Society $109. The decrease for Ministerial Aid was $49. Yoked churches and churches depending upon student supply not included, 84 churches pay an average salary of $1160

The value of property of 120 churches is $1,673,670. Forty churches report debts aggregating $72,290. Fifty-eight churches report having parsonages. The value of church property is larger than on January 1, 1909, by $25,-935; the amount of debt is less by $5,746.

By the annexation of territory Oakland now is the home of four additional churches, viz: Fruitvale, now known as Fruitvale Avenue Church; Grace of Fitchburg; Ward Memorial and the new Boulevard Church near Mills College.

The Salem Church, organized in December at Sanger, is the third German church on the roll. There are two Armenian churches, two Chinese and three Japanese.

H. E. JEWETT, Registrar.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY CHURCH.

Mayflower Congregational Church, San Francisco, publishes an attractive little four page weekly called the Mayflower Messenger. In a recent issue are given the following

Reasons for Maintaining Mayflower Church:

"The church is located on a magnificent corner lot, 52x137 feet, valued at $10,000.00

"The church is situated in the center of a populous parish—not less than 25,000 people living within its borders.

"The church and parish are geographically set apart from the rest of the city by Pacific Heights.

"Other city churches are inaccessible because of the Heights and the distance.

"The territory occupied by Mayflower has a fair proportion of Protestant people. Adjacent to the parish is the Presidio, where 3,000 U. S. soldiers are stationed. Our church is the nearest.

"This part of the city has no other democratic strictly Protestant church where regular work is being carried on—only a Methodist mission and an extremely high church Episcopal chapel occupy the same territory. The former has no resident pastor, and both are closed on Sunday nights.

"There is no probability of the character of the population changing through the coming in of alien races. This will always be a resident section of the city—not unlike it is today as regards nationality.

"The southern and eastern parts of the parish already have a condensed population. To the extreme north, back from the Bay, there is still a large amount of building room. In the heights to the west and northwest are many of the finest building sites in San Francisco. These overlook the Bay, the green heights of the Presidio, and the ever-attractive Golden Gate. The heights of Sausalito and Mt. Tamalpais are beyond.

"The population is increasing rapidly. Within five blocks of the church there are at this date 20 houses in course of construction. Two of these are very large flats, making a total accommodation for 34 families. Beyond this 5-block radius many more houses are being built. In this territory, during the past twelve months, many more new houses have been constructed.

Mayflower is rising to the occasion and becoming an increasing moral and spiritual factor in the community."

Following this presentation comes the question: "Are you numbered among the attendants and workers of this church? If not, why not?"

The pastor, the Rev. N. C. Gause, is working energetically and wisely to make Mayflower a great influence for good in that part of the city in which the church is situate.

A Sunday Evening Series.

A series of Sunday evening sermons to young men is being given with these topics: Choosing a Life Work, A Young Man's Education, The Acquiring and Use of Money, The One Woman and the Hearthstone, The Young Man's Mother, His Place in the Social Order, His Recreations, His Religion and the Church.

Illustrated Lectures on Life of Christ.

Illustrated Sunday evening lectures on the Life of Christ are announced as follows: His Childhood and Youth, His Marvelous Ministry, His Striking Parables, The Crucifixion, Christ's Unparalleled Triumph Among Men.

The Mid-Week Meetings.

At recent mid-week meetings there was a progressive study and frank discussion of psychotherapy, mental, moral and spiritual healing.

Among the statements on the weekly bulletin we find this: "Mayflower is a church where old truths are presented in modern language and adapted to the needs of a truth-seeking and truth-loving people."

At the head of a list of Sunday morning topics is the announcement: "These themes will be considered on Sunday mornings in the light of the 20th century." Among the themes were these: The Church; What it is; its place in the Community. What is the Kingdom of Heaven? What is Immortality? What is Hell? What is the Atonement? The Divinity of Christ; Prayer; what it is and its value.

Occasionally in the evening there is a Question Box service. Religious, social and economic questions are solicited and answered.

Other features of the work at Mayflower are classes in physical culture—a scientific training being given the boys and girls of the Sunday school. There are also classes in elocution, and aside from the training in expression pupils are in preparation for church entertainments.

There are also regular out-door athletics at the Pastime Athletic grounds.

OBSERVATIONS.

"Over the hills to Pearce." Such was Mr. Benedict's purpose as with his ponies hitched to an open spring wagon he halted at the door of Pastor Meyers in Tombstone. The Observer was ready, gladly availed himself of the remaining seat, and we rolled over the comparatively smooth

roads, basked in the genial sunshine and sniffed the salubrious air. In all the thirty miles there was little evidence of civilization, neither was there any one to molest or make us afraid. Though we learn that since, this good brother has been called upon to disgorge, and unable from lack of funds to generously reward the highwayman, forced at the point of a gun to consume his entire lunch, almost on this occasion too generously provided.

Near the going down of the sun we reached the little mining town, and soon were comfortably established for the night at The Palace Hotel—not so pretentious as the one on Market street, but much better than its outward appearance would indicate. On the mountain side is a stamp mill, giving employment to a fair number of men: one or more stores, well supplied in nearly every line, furnished supplies for the two or three hundred inhabitants, and a branch of the S. P. keeps the community in touch with the outside world. A few comfortable homes are in evidence, occasionally an auto is seen, and the school house reveals some interest in the young. The hope is that some agricultural development may ere long be realized in the far-reaching surrounding country, and in time a fair sized town be permanently established. For months Mr. Benedict has ministered to the people, a "church of Christ" has been formed, and soon the latter is coming into our fold—the first additon in several years to our Arizona forces. If prospered, a building will ere long be erected, and if due care be taken it can easily be an ornament to the community.

And now we come to Tucson. What developments! Claiming fifteen thousand inhabitants it begins to assume somewhat the appearance of a city. Some fine commercial blocks grace its business sections, and homes which would be a credit anywhere on the coast, are gradually making their appearance. Our old adobe church in the older section near the court house is usually filled on Sunday morning, the congregation greatly enjoying Rev. Henry B. Roberts, some two years since from Connecticut, formerly pastor of the church at Torrington, now ministered to by Dr. Ackerman, at one time in Portland, Oregon. He and others feel the day is not far distant when a modern structure in a more central location will be needed, and judging from the audience the stranger would conclude the congregation equal to the task. Here, too, the writer saw with delight a successful bank President Superintendent of the Sunday school, and teaching the Bible class, Dr. Babcock, so favorably known in Berkeley, now the efficient President of the University of Arizona. When such men as these identify themselves with the Sunday school, the influence upon the young, the boys, especially, must be helpful. Would that Tucson and Tempe might in this be imitated by schools over all this Western world!

A little north and east and one is over the line—in New Mexico. And on a Saturday morning, bright and beautiful, the Observer enters the brick church at Albuquerque, where W. J. Marsh is now for the second time pastor. The latter is busy, helping the janitor—his own son—a comely lad of 17 years, student at the University, to take down the platform about the pulpit. Special services for three weeks are about to close, and work is to proceed henceforth in the usual way. Bro. Marsh is a big man, with fine physique, level head, large heart, and he "takes you in"—into his own hospitable home, where a charming "mistress of the manse" presides. And what a delight! If one were weary from the journey or cast down through some discouragement, all would be forgotten in this hospitable atmosphere. It's the prophet's home and there is a prophet's chamber, and peace reigns supreme. With such leaders how could the church do otherwise than prosper? A fine Sunday school, with men joining with women in conducting it. A fine congregation, usually filling the main audience room; an attentive gathering of some of the best people of the city, and a generous response to the missionary representative who happened the morning of my visit to be pleading for one of our benevolent societies. Some day this high altitude will make imperative a change, and fortunate the church which secures this devoted man and wife for leaders.

Observer.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Instead of the regular Monday meeting of the ministers in Berkeley a union meeting will be held in the Methodist Book Concern rooms, San Francisco next Monday, at which time Dr. Barber, of the International Y. M. C. A. Committee, will speak. The following Monday the meeting will be in Mill Valley.

The Pacific was in error in stating two weeks ago that an electric blower for the organ had been put into Bethany Church, San Francisco. It should have been that a committee had been appointed looking to that end. In the same article a typographical error made 13 members, received at last communion, into 39.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES.

Rev. Arthur B. Patten.

April 3: "Christ our teacher. John 12:44-50. (Consecration.)

"Never man spake like this man." Jesus knew himself to be the great Teacher. He knew that he spoke from the Father, that though heaven and earth should pass away, his words would not pass away; that those words were spirit and were life; and that since all authority was given unto him in heaven and on earth, his disciples should go and teach his gospel to all nations.

Today the one sure voice that speaks across the centuries is the voice of Christ. He has been vindicated as the supreme Teacher. Our problem then is to know the mind of the Master. It is good to know many books, but it is best to know the Bible. It is well to know the whole Bible, but it is of surpassing importance to know the gospel of Jesus Christ. The Bible is not all of a piece. It has its outer and its inner courts, and its holy of holies. This holy of holies is not the law of Moses, nor the prophecies of Isaiah, nor even the epistles of Paul, but the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of the Christ behind the Gospels.

Christian Endeavorers must see the vision and hear the voice for themselves. They must be first-hand students of the gospel revelation—learners and discoverers in the

school of Christ. A verse here today and another verse there tomorrow will not give one a gospel education, or inspiration either. We need to read the whole story again and again in course, to get the total impression of the Master and the message. We need again and again to survey the whole gospel picture, that the portrait of the divine Man and the perspective of the divine truth may impress us in their entirety. You cannot grow strong Christians on snippets of scripture. Only the sweep and fulness of the sacred story can take you up and out into the glory of the great revelation. You do not see the city for the houses; and ofen you do not see the gospel for the texts. Pursuing proof texts will never thrill you with the power of literature. You can get mottoes out of a cyclopedia of quotations; but you cannot get the real message of a master mind except by surveying as a whole his masterpieces. And then you will find that the masterpiece is the man himself. The teaching becomes vital as you feel the greatness and goodness of the teacher. The words of Christ are spirit and life because the spirit of the supreme Life of history breathes in them.

Our theme is "Christ the Teacher." It is right that our thought should first be challenged by the portrait and the Person. But having seen the face and heard the voice and felt the presence of the Christ, we shall next want to study his specific parables and principles,—not as isolated gems to be sure, but as salient points in the immortal picture.

Hushed be the noise and strife of the schools,
Volume and pamphlet, sermon and speech,
The lips of the wise and the prattle of fools;
Let the Son of Man teach!

The Home.

LOOKING AT THE BEST THINGS.

My little girl has taught me one thing," said a young mother the other day. "She picks out the prettiest thing sht can find to look at, and then she looks at it and doesn't notice the ugly things. The Evanses next door keep their porch in a condition that just depresses me—it's so cluttered up. But they have some fine geraniums growing in tomato cans, and my little Clara thinks they are beautiful. She hangs over the fence and looks at them, and Mrs. Evans is so pleased at the child's appreciation that she has actually tidied up the porch once or twice, and Mr. Evans has painted the cans green. I never could have gotten them to do that, because I looked at their porch and was depressed. Clara has done it because she looked at their geraniums and was delighted."

There was sound philosophy in this bit of experience. The souls that have power, in this world, are the souls that see the right thing—the key to the situation. And as we only see what we look at, our powers in life are strictly proportioned to the way we look at life and the things we fix our eyes upon as we go along. No man or woman is ever a failure who sees clearly the essential things. No soul is ever powerless or discouraged except through having looked, momentarily or steadily, at the unessential and misleading things. To see life truly is to be a "seer," with the knowledge which is power.

Pessimist and optimist have perhaps never been more wittily defined than by the familiar stanza—

"'Twixt optimist and pessimist
The difference is droll—
The former sees the doughnut,
The latter sees the hole."

And the point of wit is that both doughnut and hole are there to see, plain to every eye. The optimist sees the hole, but only as an unimportant incidental to the very form of the doughnut. But the pessimist, by concentrating his vision on the hole, misses its place and use, and exalts it into a dread, gloomy and universal vacuum. Each has an argument—a logical argument—but the eye judges between them in the end. The pessimist's eye cannot be argued down and it makes him miserable as long as he refuses to look at anything pleasant or beautiful.

In every field of vision, one may as well admit, there are extremely ugly things included in the view. No one who has lived to years of discretion but has seen many things which he or she would be glad to forget. No intelligent man or woman believes that all men can be trusted, all women admired, or any ideal fully carried out in earthly surroundings. Almost every apple is specked, and every family has a skeleton, even if it no longer has a closet. Total depravity is still with us, even if conviction of sin has become rare. The world is full of evil and pain and defeat. But that is the worst part of the world. That is the trouble with it—its negative side, its dark background, its hole in the doughnut. The doughnut remains, around the hole, just the same. The good, the beautiful and the true, in large, though not complete measure, exist in every man's environment. There are men who can be trusted, women who are good and lovely and loving, ideals that lift the soul toward their realization in a larger life. Total depravity has been redeemed and regenerated in every case willing to throw itself on God. To overcome evil with good is the trend of the universe, and every star in the highest heaven stands ready to have a wagon hitched to it by the humblest individual who picks it out and keeps his eye upon it. People who look at stars may tumble into ditches sometimes, but they climb out and ahead, and never see the worst of the mud at all.

There is always a choice of vision, too, even among pleasant things. "I could not live if it were not for my dog!" said a lonely woman in whose little house a handsome, lively spaniel reigned supreme. The dog was a beautiful thing to look at, and his devotion was beautiful, too, to see. But if that very woman had looked over into the next street, she would have found neglected children into whose eyes the same devotion would have sprung, and the same welcome, if she had looked at them and helped them. It is a pitiful thing to see human beings find intimacy with pets more lovely than intercourse with human souls. They are looking at the second-best things instead of the first best; and to look at the best things is the secret of true living.

As we look at the best things, loving and following them, power enters into us from them—a power not our own, but given to our use. It has been found in even the primary schools that a "gem" of lovely verse taught to a little child keeps that child from temptation and unhappiness in a most surprising way. "I said my gem over, and everything went right," said one boy to his teacher after an experience of

injustice. Our schoolrooms bring to children nowadays the help of the highest art, in picture and statue; and the children look with all their eyes, and study the better for it. A noble book kept before the eye of the mind makes life a transformed thing to the soul's vision. What we look at, that we become. "As seeing him who is invisible" is the story of that great army of the saints, the martyrs, the heroes, which marches down the ages to the eternal goal—and which we can join if we choose.—Priscilla Leonard.

THE MODEL WIFE.

A Philadelphia clergyman collected and recently read from the pulpit a number of letters from husbands—presumably model husbands—bearing on the subject of the model wife.

One man wrote that the ideal wife should not spend $25 a week when the income was but $20. He probably meant that, in any event, $25 was too much and only an extravagant housekeeper would lavish any such sum upon the home. It was a man of this sort who, when he got off the old and trite remark about the bread that mother used to make, was tartly told, "Well, you don't make the dough that father used to make." The hardest domestic experience for any women is to have her husband ascribe to her lack of thrift the failure to lay by money against a rainy day, when the real reason is that his own earning capacity is inadequate to supply the elemental requisites. Women as a rule are the savers rather than the spenders, and when the penny is laid by on its way to the dollar mark the saving is generally due to her economy.

Another man holds that it is the part of the ideal wife to keep herself neat and tidy. It is; but too many men throw the whole burden of the household drudgery upon a woman's shoulders, without once reflecting that a maid-of-all-work cannot keep her coiffure, her complexion, and her attire as immaculate as the lady of leisure, who may loiter as long as she likes before the mirror and the toilet table in her boudoir. It is a source of unhappiness in many a home that the man makes disparaging comparisons between his careworn and preoccupied wife and some airy fairy Lillian whose chief concern is whether her white shoes are spotless and her gloves quite clean.

Another man believes that the ideal wife is one who "does not harass the life and soul out of a man." Heckling or henpecking at home is, beyond peradventure, the continual dropping that wears away a stone, but it is only fair that the man should ask himself a few searching questions before he blames his better half. Has he been kind or cross after the day's worrisome business? Has he been thoughtful or negligent about the minor items that in life's appraisal make up the major portion of the inventory? The man who finds fault with his wife will sometimes find that "on his own head, in his own hands, the sin and the saving lies."—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE PEACE-BRINGER.

By Charles L. Story.

O Love divine, reach down and lift
  My fainting heart to Thee;
Increase my faith in Thy great gift,
  The Christ that sets men free.

Help me to realize Thy will
  Beneath life's mysteries,
Serene, unhasting, potent, still,
  The one true thing that is!

Kindle with sanctifying flame;
  Impel to holier things:
More noble deeds, diviner aims,
  Larger imaginings.

Grant me full vision of our Lord,
  Transcendently divine;
Reveal that visage worn and marred,
  So wondrously benign.

Let that one life my pattern be
  Which God in man revealed,
And roused the indwelling God in me
  That else had lain concealed.

Saviour, convince my wayward will
  (My voice invokes Thy power!)
To scourge my coward heart until
  It claims Thee for its dower.

So shall my life with joy o'erflow,
  And peace pervade my days;
So shall I come at last to know
  The quiet of Thy ways.

Our Young People

OUR LITTLE BOY WHO RAN AWAY.

"I'm going now to run away,"
Said little Sammie Greer one day,
"Then I can do just what I choose;
I'll never have to black my shoes,
Or wash my face or comb my hair;
I'll find a place, I know, somewhere,
And never have again to fill
That old wood basket; so I will."

"Good-bye, mamma," he said, "good-bye."
He thought his mother then would cry.
She only said, "You going, dear?"
And did not shed a single tear.
"There now," said Sammie Greer, "I know
She does not care if I do go;
But Bridget does. She'll have to fill
The old wood basket; so she will."

But Bridget only said: "Well, boy,
You off for sure? I wish you joy."
And Sammie's little sister, Kate,
Who swung upon the garden gate,
Said, anxious, as he passed through,
"Tonight, whatever will you do
When you can't get some syrup spread
At supper-time, on top of bread?"

One block from home and Sammie Greer's
Weak little heart was full of fears.

He thought about Red Ridinghood;
The wolf that met her in the wood;
The beanstalk boy who kept so mum
When he heard the giant's "Fee, fo, fum!"
And when he saw the policeman,
He turned and quickly homeward ran.

Soon through the alley-way he sped,
And crawled in through the old woodshed.
The big wood basket he did fill;
He blacked his shoes up with a will;
He washed his face and combed his hair,
And went up to his mother's chair,
And kissed her twice, and then he said:
"I'd like some syrup top of bread."

—Susan Teall Perry.

AN ORDER FOR AN EASTER HAT.

Anna Burnham Bryant.

Louey looked anxiously across into the study where the minister was trying to write a troublesome letter. She knew what it was about, and she had half a mind to go and help him. Sometimes little girls on your knee help about such things, and sometimes they don't. She couldn't be quite sure which it was this time.

The letter began rather frostily, but thawed toward the middle, for the minister got up and re-read his old friend's letter, which begged him to "make a clean breast" of what he wanted, and so save himself and his church the mistake of sending what he pleasantly termed "a barrel of misfits."

"For you're bound to get a barrel or box of something," the letter continued. "The 'Busy Bees' have been working for six months to get up a missionary barrel, and there won't be another Easter present delivered in all Dakota with half the love in it; but while you're about it, you might as well show us how to make it worth sending."

"You know I couldn't do that," wrote back his friend. "The box-and-barrel idea has its root in loving thoughts, but, whatever our needs, I don't believe wife and I care to catalogue them. I see by the papers that 'back East' the special rage just now is for 'handkerchief showers.' Suppose you give us one! That will be my need, old friend, if you send on any more such old-timey letters as this last one. 'Mine eyes are rivers.' Out on you! Writing to a lonesome, frontier missionary that way, and pretending you're in the cheering-up business!"

"Did you send for a Neaster hat?" asked Louey, popping up from the breakfast table. "That's what I need peticklelary. The rest of you can send for what you want to, but that's what I need. And I need it aw'fly!"

When the laugh had subsided, the minister went to get his hat and coat, leaving the letter on the study table. If he had known the little addition which his ten-year-old daughter saw fit to tuck under the ungummed flap of the carefully addressed envelope, the little codicil would have probably gone among the pitch pine knots in the fireplace. Luckily for her, he only noticed absently that the letter needed sealing, and stuck it in his pocket without minding that it was a little bulkier than the original package.

A few days later the walls of the Rev. Dr. Holbrook's study rang suddenly with such joyous peals of laughter that his wife, who was busy with her "Busy Bees" in the parsonage parlor, left them to the oversight of one of the older girls, while she went to see what the matter was. He met her on the threshold, waving a scrap of thick and crumpled paper covered with a child's handwriting.

"Bennett has a spicy daughter!" he cried, handing over the paper. "Look at that! He wouldn't write a word but nonsense to your appeal for information, but the little 'un has done it unbeknownst to him. Good for her! If there's a milliner in Massachusetts that knows her business, she shall have an Easter hat that'll make the Black Hillers envious. Don't you say so, too?"

"Yes, indeed!" she laughed after reading the letter with tears in her eyes to pay for laughing. "I'll pick it out myself—take Judy along with me to help. She's just about Louey's age, and will know exactly the way to fill an order. But what are you calling his letter nonsense for? I've a 'nidear,' as Judy says. What's to prevent taking him at his word? A 'handkerchief shower,' he says, ad a handkerchief shower it shall be. You just let me manage it!"

"Why, of course, you and the 'Busy Bees,'" said the minister doubtfully, 'but it won't quite carry out our intention, will it? There's about two hundred dollars, I think you said, what with the Christmas sale, and the donations. You couldn't really spend—they wouldn't really want—two hundred dollars' worth of handkerchiefs!"

"Let a wilful woman have her way!" se laughed. "Didn't you see the funny little last sentence in the child's letter? Doesn't it give you any ideas? It does me. And I'm going right this minute to tell the 'Busy Bees'—we've got a full meeting—and see what they think about it."

"Why, Mrs. Holbrook! We thing it would be perfectly lovely!"

That was the unanimous verdict, echoed in various tones and phrases, but all enthusiastic, as the minister's wife read the letter to the whole Beehive. "Weren't you bright to think of it? Do read us that dear little letter again!"

So it was read all out again, especially the pathetic opening sentence in the Easter "Order" in which the writer stated that she hadn't 'a hat to her back,' except an old red tam-o-shanter, nor a cent to her name except two ten-cent-dimes tied up in a slipper-noose in the corner of her handkerchief.

"That, of course," said Mrs. Holbrook, "is what put the idea into my head of a handkerchief shower—that and the remark I told you about in her father's letter. It's a poor head that can't put two and two together and make five! That's just what we'll do—give him a knotted handkerchief shower, all the money we can get, and plenty of handkerchiefs to tie it all up in 'slipper nooses'!"

The day after Louey and her father had sent their joint letter she began watching the mail for an answer. In the little mining camp mail did not come every day, but that made no difference to her expectations. Every time her father came in from anywhere, she asked him about "the Easter letter." Every time a man or boy came in to the house she asked him to stop in at the postoffice, "becuz, you know, they might be a letter." As Easter drew nigh, she began to grow a little worried about it. But one drizzly April evening, just as supper was coming on the table, an oil-skinned messenger bumped a square, bulky box along the board walk and up the porch steps, calling out, "'Spress for Mr. Bennett!. No charge. Signe here!" And Mr. Bennett "signed," with a very excited little maid peeping over his shoulder.

"The Easter hat first, please!" she kept saying as the nails came out, when the expressman had gone, and mother had put the supper back on the stove to keep warm till they were ready for it.

"What Easter hat, child? asked mother. "It isn't likely anybody has thought of putting in any hat for you. Why should you expect one?"

"The wish is father to the thought, probably," said the minister, tugging away at the boards with a claw-hammer. "Nobody gave them any hint of what was wanted in this little 'pussonidge,' that's one comfort."

"M——m!" mumbled Louey wisely, trying to peek under the edge of a lifted cover.

"You didn't say anything?" suggested mother anxiously. She hadn't seen the letter.

"Certainly **not!**" he answered. "Holbrook's old gold, but not even to him could I tell the makeshifts of this out-West experience. What they send for love we'll take, I s'spose, and love 'em back again. What's this—handkerchiefs for a first course?"

When the boards finally came off, and the brown paper wrappings were lifted, there were soft, dainty foldings of white paper, and under that heaps and heaps of white handkerchiefs. That is the right word—**heaps.** Not nice, neat, smooth intitialed or embroidered squares, though some of them had both initials and embroidery, but handkerchiefs that were folded round books in bright, fresh bindings; handkerchiefs that held soft, gray sash and hair ribbons; handkerchiefs with crisp ruchings or filmy bits of neckwear.

"Oh, a slipper-noose!" cried Louey, who had found a cunning little jointed doll in her handkerchief, and had not at first noticed the knotted corner. It was in the days before they had stopped coining the little gold dollars that were so much like bright pennies, and this first "slipper noose" held one of the pretty coins, the first that had ever belonged to Louey "for her ownty-downty."

We can't go clear through that box; it took the minister's family half the evening to do it. Everything that wasn't too big to go into a handkerchief was in it somewhere, mother declared, growing softly excited, and showing it mostly by a quivering mouth and eyes that seemed shining through a mist as she watched the unpacking or helped in it, though Louey made so much noise in her delight that she waked the baby, and after that the boys came in and there was more noise and a good deal less helping.

There were some really big things, too. Skates, for instance, can be almost completely tide up in a big red bandanna, and a good many of the minister's own were "regular little table cloths," Louey said. And every little while there kept being another of Louey's "slipper-nooses," and the pile of different kinds of money grew and grew till they could hardly believe their eyes or dare to stop and think of all it meant to them.

She couldn't see into the bottom of the box but in her mind's eye it lay there all carefully done up in its nice big box, wrapped in its nice pink and white tissue paper, as she had once had one sent home from a big department store before they had come to this dreary, hatless country.

"What does the child mean?" asked mother, almost irritably; "you surely didn't say a word about that foolish notion of hers? You said you didn't!"

"Of course not," he answered again, patiently. "Don't be unreasonable, little girl, when they've sent us money enough to buy twenty hats, not to mention all the other beautiful things."

"No, I won't," said Louey in a matter-of-fact voice, "but you see I depended on that hat, and I'm pretty sure—yes, oh, goody, yes! there 'tis! Oh—oh, **oh-oh!**"

Father never said a word as he lifted the big, square band-box out into her hands, and what he thought would have puzzled a mind reader. But a part of Louey's letter was pasted on the cover (with a note from the "Busy Bees" asking her to let them know if they had filled the order satisfactorily), and mother got up with the baby in her arms and looked over his shoulder while he read it.

"A hat not lacey or chiffony, but pretty, and plain (kind of) and **real pretty** and suitable for a kind of a nicey hat for school.

"IDEAS

"Kind of flowery, and you know as I appreciate your taste. Please have it **terribly** large.

"Loueuy."

Her name at the end seemed to take his breath away, and he sank on the sofa, trying in vain to make himself heard in the peals of laughter that came from Bobby and Billy, who had taken the sense of it before he did. The boys knew their sister pretty well, with all that she was capable of.

"How did you manage it, sis?" asked Bobby. "How'd you get to send the letter?"

"Tucked into papa's that he wrote," said Louey absently, examining the daisy wreath that lay like real flowers among the brown bows of ribbon. "I didn't ask him, becuz—becuz—well, I thought I wouldn't."

Father was still spechless, but mother began to make a few remarks which Louey didn't seem to hear, she was so happy.

"It's **all right,** tell 'em," she said at last when every leaf and bud and bow had been looked at and patted delightedly. "It couldn't have been any satisfactryer if I'd choosed it myself. I guess they like to make little girls feel happy in that minister's church, don't you mother? Every bow-ow-ow and little posy-wosy on it says so!"

RUDIMENTARY ROOTS.

Many individuals have rudimentary remainders which appear and reappear in the most inopportune time. No one is to blame for these personal oddities unless he falls in love with them and not only ceases to fight against them but actually encourages and stimulates them. When a man glories in and glorifies his subliminal eccentricities he is in danger of becoming a nuisance and an obstreperous bore. One of these rudimentary roots is exaggeration. The Pre-Adamites seem to have been great exaggerators. Lying and deception are rudimentary roots. There are a good many Christian (?) people who permit themselves to fall into the habit of lying, not always viciously, not maliciously, but "innocently," purposely. A man does not have to cultivate his mind and sow the seed in order to reap a harvest of deceptions and insincerities. These things grow as weeds grow. They appear from some hidden condition primary to our nature. All men in their natural state are liars. That is a rough, harsh statement to make, but its truth is its justification and the only adequate explanation of the universal tendency in the human heart to practice deceptions of varying degrees of morality.

REGGIE'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

It was Reggie's birthday, and he was out with his father and his brother Frank to choose a present. Mr. Collins had said he was to have "anything he liked," and Reggie found it difficult to decide. He thought of so many things he "would like" as he trotted beside his father.

The Collinses were living at the seaside, and their walk had now brought them to the promenade that ran in front of the water. Suddenly they heard sounds of loud shouting on the beach, and Reg and Frank ran to see what was happening.

The cause of the noise was an angry Italian who was beating a miserable donkey, while a very fat woman sat on its back pulling the reins and knocking the poor beast's sides with her heavy boots.

The boys watched the scene for a minute; then Frank ran forward with flushed face.

"How dare you beat him like that!" he cried, stopping before the Italian.

The man looked fiercely down at the small figure.

"You mind your own business, young 'un!" he said roughly. Then he once more lifted the stick; but just as it was about to fall on the donkey's back Frank sprang at the arm that held it and clung with all his young strength. The Italian's face grew darker with passion. He shook the slight form off and in another moment the raised stick would have fallen on Frank's shoulders, had not his father stepped up just at that moment.

"Come away, my boy," said Mr. Collins, drawing his little son back. "Now," he continued, turning to the Italian, "what do you mean by ill-treating that beast? It is not in a fit condition to work. The poor animal can hardly stand, much less carry weight!" Here Mr. Collins glanced at the fat woman, who had now slipped to the ground and stood watching the scene.

"The brute can run if he chose," muttered the man, "and I've my living to get!"

"Do you know I could send you to the police-station, and your donkey could be taken from you?" said Mr. Collins.

The man's eyes filled with fear.

"You wouldn't have me starve, sir!" he whined.

Just then Mr. Collins felt a little hand slip into his, and, looking down, saw Reggie's eyes raised wistfully. "Well?" he said, bending towards them.

"Ask him to sell the donkey, father," said Reg; "I want it for my birthday present!".

"What will you sell the ass for?" demanded Mr. Collins of the Italian.

The man's face cleared and his eyes grew cunning.

"It's my living, sir!" he repeated.

"I have told you I could have it taken from you!" said Mr. Collins; "you would never get anyone to buy it, and it's not fit to work. Come, what will satisfy you?"

"Four pounds!" answered the man.

"I'll give you two!" said Mr. Collins.

"Very well, sir," was the sullen reply.

That was how Reggie got his birthday present. The poor donkey was taken to his father's stables and well fed and cared for. He soon grew into a fine strong ass, and many a beautiful gallop did Frank and Reggie have on his back. —Holiday Series.

I DIE DAILY. (Rom. 6:11.)
Lillian Thurston.

Alone with my Lord at morning hour
I seek to feel His abiding power;
The day is before me; who knows the care,
The trials, temptations, burdens to bear
Which may be waiting me, ere the sun
Shall set on this new day just begun?
And who but the One that holds in His hand
The key to it all, can understand
The doubts and fears that come to me
As I look ahead and in fancy see
Some terrible testing of heart and life,
Some sudden pain, or mortal strife
Which might avail to take my eyes
Off the mighty Savior in whom safety lies;
So in lowly meekness this morn I pray
"Lord, help me to die to all things today.
Let me die to the praise of friends around;
In Thy praise a sweeter joy is found;
Dead to the hard things of life let me be,
Which might cause a moment's doubt of Thee;
Dead to each sneering and pitiless word
Of those who in me revile my Lord.
Let me even be dead to the joy Thou may send
To bless my life, ere this day shall end,
Fearful lest, yielding to its sweet control
I lose sight of the One who thus blesses my soul;
Dead to all things, dear Lord, let me be
This glad new day, that, resting in Thee
My only desire may be Thy will;
My only purpose to trust and be still.
In my heart this day wilt Thou dwell alone;
Cleanse it and make it Thy royal throne;
Then help me, dear Lord, in faith to say,
"Thy will, not mine, each step of the way."
Then a sweet voice whispers, close to my side
"Arise, my child, I have come to abide;
All who are dead to the world and sin
Are alive unto me; I enter in."
A conqueror I rise; through faith in His name
Victory o'er all things I gladly claim.

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